

Good 310 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Seas Must see some

Strange Craft To-day

WHEN the convoys pass at sea, hard-case skippers who have been on salt water half a century rub their eyes and remember that those who go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the deep.

There are vessels sailing to-day that look like a drunken sailor's nightmare. There are ships that have been torpedoed and sunk, and then dragged up bodily, cleaned of festoons of weeds, refitted and sent to sea again. There are ships half of which have been sunk.

Captain Smaill, an old acquaintance, has twice had his ship actually cut in half, the fore part sinking; each time he has navigated the stern back to port, had it repaired, and gone to sea in the composite remainder.

To-day you see wooden steamers, electrically-driven cargo boats, concrete ships, ships built by bridge-builders from parts made in distant inland factories, ships in which curves have been replaced by straight lines to speed manufacture, ships shaped like eggs, ships less than 100 feet long impudently crossing the Atlantic under their own power, naval vessels with sails, floating cranes hundreds of miles out to sea...

One of the men responsible for Shocks for Skippers is Henry Kaiser, one-time professional photographer who got into big business because his intended father-in-law would not say "Yes" until suitor Henry could prove that he made 125 dollars a month in a safer profession than photography. Now Henry sometimes launches eleven 10,000-ton ships in a single day, and Mrs. Kaiser can hardly break champagne bottles fast enough on their prefabricated bows.

The strange shapes of some such ships (at least, to an old seaman's eye) can be understood when you know that they begin life in huge lofts; some parts are too big to be handled and have to be cut in four by acetylene torches before they can be carried to the shipyards and fitted. This may sound contradictory; but men working on a hull crowd each other out, and it saves weeks to build parts elsewhere in spacious quarters.

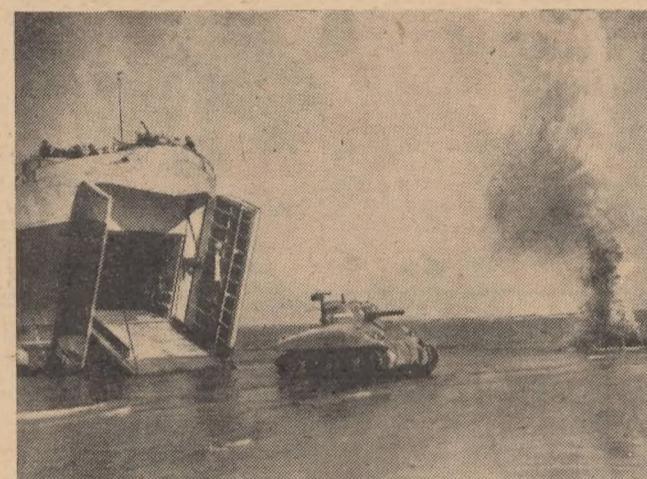
WHEN an early Kaiser tanker fell in two just after being launched, old-fashioned shipbuilders and sailors said, "I told you so!" The two halves were floated back to the yard and welded together for relaunching. Materials and processes were improved. The critics are silenced.

One ocean shocker is the "unsinkable" ship. Her design, giving capacity for about 4,300 tons deadweight, consists of two great cylinders, each divided into several holds. The principle was known long ago, and published in various countries. Certainly this war offers a test for anything that calls itself unsinkable.

Concrete vessels, usually oil-burners, are said to keep their holds absolutely dry, which is important with special cargoes. The saving of steel in their construction amounts to about 70 per cent; a new class of labour can build them, which is useful nowadays; but their appearance makes some sailors shudder.

Wooden vessels—even wooden tankers—are built faster than steel-plate ships, especially now plastics and laminated woods can be used for some parts. Again, steel is saved for such uses as tank and gun construction. But their appearance is sometimes startling.

Captain Craig Thomson commands one of the queerest vessels I have seen—a 300-ton crane ship, shaped like an egg, never meant for anything but coastal waters, and



terribly difficult to steer. She has made a ten-month voyage unescorted half round the world.

Queer ships from which the Germans have received many shocks are the new tank-landing craft. These are 6,000-tonners, and they look rather like tankers. Several times U-boats have popped up in their vicinity and got ready to set these "tankers" ablaze—only to be met with a terrific defensive armament equal to that of a small warship.

Seamen have told me that it is one of the pleasures of war-time life at sea to watch a startled U-boat crash-dive with its tail between its legs after such a surprise!

One of these tank-landing craft has had six torpedoes fired at her, and driven off her attacker each time, sometimes with damage claimed. This ship has put more than 100 tanks ashore at important invasion landings, and her skipper tells me she has more to come when that Second Front opens.

On one occasion, as she was nearing shore to land an amphibious tank to help hard-pressed British invasion troops, a U-boat surfaced and prepared to fire. Immediately, the amphibious tank splashed on to the sea and turned towards the

Says Commodore G. Purssey Phillips

submarine, training its gun; and the U-boat crash-dived in such a hurry that a gunner was swept off its deck into the sea.

Some of the lovely liners that I used to pass at sea before the war are startling in appearance now. Most of their cabins have been removed, and the rest have berths from floor to ceiling. These berths, and other war-time fittings, have been put in with wooden wedges, so that the ship can be converted to peace-time use again without damaging nail-marks, at the blow of a hammer. Some of these liners are carrying five times their peace-time quota. Others are converted to armed merchant ships and carry 6in. guns. The paint and the bands and the palm-shaded ballrooms are gone; to-day they are very grim and formidable.

The first post-war fast British cargo-ships are now at sea, and they give a seaman's eye grateful relief from war-time ocean freaks.

Among the largest cargo-vessels in the world, they have a speed of well over 15 knots. They can carry loco-

convoy have been met with a sweeping blast of fire from their dogged iron lips.

Since the beginning of the war the Admiralty have built a number of 60-foot boats known as "motor fishing vessels." They may live up to their name after the war, but at present they often fish for queer quarry. Many have made voyages of over 2,000 miles, much of the way under sail. They have crossed the Bay of Biscay in full gales, sometimes with decks awash and one side under water. Carrying stores, troops, mail, messages, pilots, and so on, these tiny naval

"maids of all work" are a strange sight in mid-ocean!

So are some of the smaller minesweepers, one at least of which has made a 16,000-mile deep-sea voyage for a special purpose.

As one goes about the wartime seas one meets gaudy pleasure boats changed into armed patrol vessels and doing escort work far out at sea; paddle-steamers from the Isle of Wight run boldly flaunt the minesweeper's black balls in the sunny Mediterranean under Roman temple shadows; dirty old Thames swim-barges work as fire-floats way down on the East African coast; bustling little ferry steamers slave as floating cranes, fishing vessels deliver aircraft shells to blast the Japs, bumboats cross oceans unescorted and defy submarines, mines, bombers, typhoons, uncharted currents in enemy-wrecked harbours, and all the hazards of the seven seas.

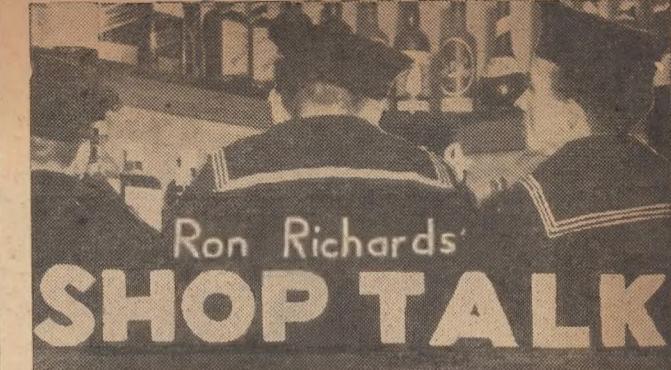
Ex-pleasure yachts, lovely and slender and fast, are working now refuelling Allied submarines far away in enemy waters, and taking spare parts that save undersea craft from a long voyage home to refit, after damage. The yachts are camouflaged and otherwise disguised, and some of them look strange enough nowadays.

Tugs that never in pre-war days left harbour shelter except in perfect weather now adventure hundreds of miles out in storms and drag home thousands of tons of stricken shipping. The tug "Superman," for instance, has made over 100 convoys without losing one of the damaged ships she set out in all weathers to rescue. Once she brought four ships to safety in five days. Her skipper, Captain Ernest Jones, was a Bristol Channel tugmaster; but nowadays you may meet him chugging along on a rescue trip anywhere between Greenland and Cape Verde.

These fearless old warriors, which could never hope to hold their own against modern warships, have been largely gutted, and refitted with quick-firing guns, "Chicago pianos," multiple machine-guns, pom-poms and Lewis guns. Much of the superstructure has been cut away to give wider fields of fire, and against them low-level bombing or air-torpedo attacks are likely to be suicidal.

Ugly ducklings as they look, with their big torpedo bulges, their reduced upperworks, and the long snouts of big guns sticking out at all angles, many a sailor has seen beauty in them when German bombers roaring down to attack a hard-pressed

30 MAR 1944



LIEUT. - COMMANDER men all the credit of the admiral.

WILLIAM NAPIER has the platform to-day to tell of his or not he could hit a train submarine, "Rorqual."

"We were halfway back to Italian shore, the captain said, came to go back and load up ton's gunnery, I said 'Yes.'"

He described Fenton thus: "Fenton was 'Unbroken's gunlayer. Shortish, stocky, quiet, he ranked as an Able Seaman. He had been in the Navy for a short while before the war, and joined 'Unbroken' when she was first commissioned."

"Our single three-inch gun was his pride. He was mentioned in dispatches for his shooting with it on this guerrilla trip."

Lieut. Mars has an easy-to-read style that goes straight to the point. Revelling in his numerous accounts of actions, I find it difficult to appreciate the modesty of the grand crew of "Unbroken" whom I met at Amersham.

FROM patrol report of a submarine commanded by Lieut. M. H. Jupp, D.S.C., R.N., I take this extract:

"Often," said the Commander, "we carried as many as 25 or 30 passengers to the Island from Alexandria. We had to take out our torpedoes and stow our passengers like sardines in their place. One soldier complained that during the voyage the rats had eaten the tops off his Army boots."

Thank you, sir, for thanking us. We would appreciate a more detailed criticism.

"RORQUAL" has laid some 1,300 mines since the war started. Once, a tremendous noise, which the crew thought to be a depth charge, turned out to be their mines, which, failing to make a clearance, were running from one end of the ship to the other in the casing. She has scored several successes against enemy shipping, and has carried out coastal bombardments.

NOT the least popular feature of Sunday's "Graphic" newspaper is signed LT. A. C. G. MARS, D.S.O., D.S.C. Telling the story of his former boat, H.M. Submarine "Unbroken," the Lieutenant, in relating train-busting and other episodes, passes from his own shoulders to those of his officers and

Produced first in April last, it has attained a circulation of 3,000 a month, and is read with interest by naval men in the district and elsewhere.

Already it has raised £150 for the R.N. and R.M. Day Nursery, Kingston Crescent, and has also sent donations to the Red Cross and Prisoners of War Fund.

Crew of "Unbroken" Ron Richards



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

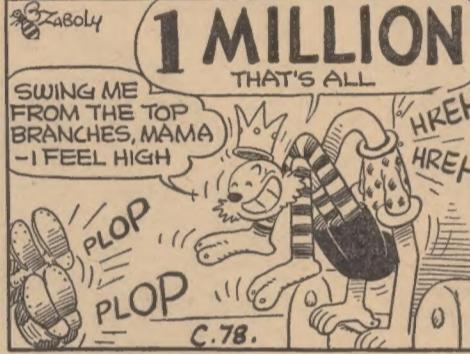
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy

By ODO DREW

THE BARLEYCORN REPORT.

OUR correspondent, John Barleycorn, who has been touring the country for well over six months, has now sent in his first report. It covers six months exactly.

As there was some confusion in his mind as to whether he was supposed to investigate the thinking or the drinking habits of the people, he deals with each month separately, under two headings—first, what people were drinking, and, secondly, what they were thinking, at the period under review.

Here is his report, which he has summarised. First month: (1) Beer; (2) lots of things. Second month: (1) Whisky (when available) and beer; (2) still lots of things.

Third month: (1) Whisky, gin and beer; (2) signs of mental confusion.

Fourth month: (1) Beer, spirits of any kind, British wines; (2) disinclination for any thinking.

Fifth and sixth months: (1) Anything; (2) nothing.

So far, the report has cost £728 in expenses, apart from J.B.'s wages.

He is now, apparently, dug in at the "Gun," Findon, West Sussex, having transferred himself rapidly, for some obscure reason, from East Anglia.

THE CASE OF AUNT FANNY.

AUNT FANNY, who has been doing "welfare work" amongst American troops in Scotland, is acquiring a dossier about her activities, so my friend, Chief Constable Dugald MacSporran, tells me.

She has, I am informed, written (1) to the Secretary of State for Scotland, asking why Scotland does not rank *pari passu* (that smacks of Professor Carlyle) with Russia, the United States and China in the councils of the United Nations; (2) to the Prime Minister, asking if England ever apologised to the United States for driving the thirteen American Colonies into revolt during the reign of George III, and if not, why not; also (3) to General Eisenhower, asking if she may, in view of her services, be granted the position of C.M.B.A.E.F., or Chief Mother in Britain to the American Expeditionary Force.

She has sold out another £200 of Dunoon Three Per Cents, and is now badgering her relations for subscriptions for what she calls a "Nannies' Club," the idea being to establish a centre where our American friends can be "mothered" under ideal conditions.

Instead of providing youthful hostesses of attractive appearance, she wants nannies experienced in dealing with youngsters, for, she claims, all men, and in particular soldiers, are just big children who love most intensely the company and firm guidance of motherly types of women.

She is also writing a book to prove that the American Red Indian comes from the same stock as the Scottish Highlander, and that if the sale of spirits to them—the A.R.I.s—had not been prohibited in the late eighteenth century, they would have increased in numbers and culture, with the result that there would have been no need, in the nineteenth century, for the immigration of so many of the poorer types of European.

The main problems of the United States Government in the past, she avers, can be attributed to "the selfish, nationalistic policy of the autocratic oligarchy of the Southern part of Britain."

The old cow buffalo!

INJURY AND INSULT.

ALTHOUGH, or perhaps because, the Hun boasts of an infinitely higher culture than any other nation, he has no respect for the cultural objects of other peoples.

As Lausewitz wrote in his "Kultur und Manur": "Kill the cult of the kilt and you kill the Celt; banish bat and ball (the game of cricket) and you bust Britain."

Goering, of course, knows his Lausewitz, and that is why they have recently been dropping bombs intentionally on county cricket grounds.

Even if it is, as it may well be, a last desperate gamble, it shows that the German is no psychologist. If he were, he would know that nothing is more certain to arouse our usually placid souls to hatred and to revenge—though we may hold our lives as cheaply as others—to attack the SPIRIT of our race is to ask for trouble.

Though ordinarily we may be content with an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, for every cricket ground damaged we must be paid a hundredfold. Every shattered cricket pitch is already another nail in Hitler's coffin.

As my old tutor used to say to me as he adjusted his I. Zingari tie: "Honi soit qui mal y pense." I agree entirely, and would add only "Tempus fugit," and that irrevocably. I am, I hope, a democrat, but I would never dare to face my numerous children if I felt that I had been found wanting by the Spirit of Lord's—that spirit which I have ever held before the eyes of those young children as a lamp to guide their paths.

No, we must once and for all teach the Vandals that there are some things that may not be done, not even by them.

**Good
Morning**

This England

At the potter's "wheel." Skilful fingers shaping flower-pots as the clay rotates on the fast-revolving table. The job may look easy, but that is only because the potter is so clever at it.



"WHAT WE CALL, FEELING SLIGHTLY DOWN IN THE MOUTH"



"Hurry up and have your fill. This swinging 'look-out' isn't so hot, and I'm mighty thirsty."



Lovely Paramount star, Barbara Britton, illustrates a very simple way of keeping the ankles slim. And how nicely she illustrates it.



"And they say I am just like my daddy was when he was my age."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I hate seeing a woman doing a man's job."

